

RESTRICTED

OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEMORANDUM

TO: Director, OSS
Administration Building

15 January 1945

FROM: E. R. Kellogg, Acting Chief, Field Photographic Branch

SUBJECT: Report of Captain Cyr, SO

It was the statement of General Donovan that all personnel in OSS should hear the report of Captain Cyr, SO.

In order to make this possible, Captain Cyr was photographed and recorded telling his entire story. This film will be ready for release shortly.

It is recommended that the security for this distribution should be placed on the Branch Chiefs and each Branch Chief should be required to designate all personnel in their organization who should be permitted to see this picture.

If this meets with your approval, it will be put into effect.

E. R. Kellogg
E. R. KELLOGG
Lieut., USNR
Acting Chief
Field Photographic Branch

Saw picture P.M. 22nd Jan. with Van Buren & Lt. Col. Brock

RESTRICTED

SCENE 1, TAKE 1

R1

We were at Milton Hall. It was there that we were alerted and given all our equipment. We made the trip from Milton Hall to London, which is about 80 miles, by covered truck. This time we thought it was a dry run--a scheme--but once that we got into London and to a safe or briefing house, we found it was the real thing. As soon as we started being briefed, we found out that we were to work for SAS. We hadn't received any training to work for the SAS or with the G.I.s. He resented working with the SAS because they were doing a little different type of work than we were. They were doing the type of work, we thought, would give our position away. We worked underground while they in the open. After quite a discussion, and after they called in a couple of English Colonels and an English General, they asked us if we would please take this job because it was a very important one. We saw General commanding French officer of the Interior, who wanted us to take it, and we took it. From there, after being briefed, we were off to the SAS Camp.

We then met the commanding officer of the Fourth Battalion of the SAS which was composed of purely all Frenchmen, most of whom were from Brittany. The mission took us into Brittany where we established two bases, one in the southern part, and one in the northern part. We were to organize what resistance we could on them in an attempt to cut them off from the rest of France. As I said before, most of these parashutists were from Brittany and were going back into their home country.

As soon as we got to the SAS Camp, the officer asked to see me--I was the only American there--and asked me if I were an American. When I said yes, he said that he didn't have a hell-of-a-lot of use out of Americans and that I could act accordingly. He said he had had some trouble with Americans, and they had let him down in North Africa. That didn't start us off too good, but we took it. We left that night. One thing, we had a little argument with him. We wanted to put our packs in baskets, but that wasn't the way the SAS did it. We had been trained to jump with our packs, but the SAS with leg bags.

We went up to the airport that night. The first thing we did was to get into our chutes. The dispatch had always helped us on with our chutes before, but now we managed to crawl into them, and then went out to the plane. About 24 men got into each plane. The planes were crowded, and some men were laying on top of each other and everything else. The trip across was quite uneventful, and some of the men even went to sleep. Pretty soon we came to the field and circled the field once. The first 12 men stood up, ran down to the tail end of the plane, and as soon as they came to the hole, fell through. We were accustomed to jumping by threes. We would sit around the edge of the hole, when the work acting station, go, come, jump. When we started down, I think I was jumping No. 13. I picked up my sack which weighed about 80 pounds, and started down towards the tail end of the plane. A static line was flying around in the plane, and the pilot had to make another circle of the field. Bag in hand, I ran to the tail end of the plane, and dropped

CAPT. C/R REPORT

-2-

through the hole. It was good to get out of the plane because there was quite a bit on tension in it. When the chute opened, having the bag in my hands, my arms nearly jerked out of the sockets.

When I was about 100' from the ground, I saw about ten or fifteen people down there. It gave me an uncomfortable feeling as I didn't know whether they were German or French. I had the sack in my hand, and tried to get my pistol out, but couldn't. When I landed, I rolled up in my chute, and they tried to get it off. I didn't know their intentions and couldn't get my pistol out, but they then spoke to me in French, and I knew they were French. When they found out I was an American, they started yelling and heeping. I said that we had been taught not to make too much noise at a reception committee, but they said the Germans were far away. When I asked how far, they said the Germans were far away--about two kilometers, but I didn't think that was so far, but they seemed to think it was O.K. There were about fifty or sixty standing there in the middle of the field. The first thing I said was--Don't you think we should move off?--We started moving off towards the woods, and there everybody started yelling to one another. One would yell, "Hey, Joe, you over there!" He would yell back something and so on. They were shooting off shot guns, too. There was a hell-of-a-lot of noise around, but they said there was plenty of protection.

I was taken down to a farmhouse where there were about 300 people--men, women, and children. There was quite a reception. As soon as they found out there was an American there, they hugged us around on their shoulders and everybody kissed everybody else. It was a regular circus! The girls would line up five deep to kiss everybody. They had wine, champagne, and such. It was terrific! Terrific! About three o'clock in the morning, we made contact with one of the leaders, and had him pick up all the containers. Each plane had brought containers with, so there were quite a few. When we started opening them, everybody was willing to march against the German garrison at three o'clock in the morning. That was discouraged, and about five we started to bed in the hay loft. There were quite a few people sleeping there. The radio operator, the French Captain, and myself went up to the hay stack. When I got into my sleeping bag, I saw a girl sleeping on my right. She had been watching me the whole time. She asked me if I were an American and I said yes. I looked around and saw that a man was sleeping here, a girl there, and so on, and nobody thought anything of it.

END R1

-6-

SCENE 2, TAKE 1 *START* *CL*

To make a long story short, we were at this farmhouse from the 7th of June until the 18th. Many things happened in the meantime, too numerous to go into detail about everyone.

The first thing that SAS did upon landing was to send out SAS and to blow the bridges up. We had brought explosives with us, and destroyed all means of communication--rail, railways, bridges, telephone lines, etc. There were no railways running, no telephone lines or means of communication in our section of Brittany. One mistake that they did was to arm some of the FFI men immediately, and let them go out and attack the Germans that they found in cafes and on the road. The very next day they started coming back with German trucks, motor cycles, and equipment. What they were doing is taking a gun, going into a restaurant where there were a few Germans, and spray them. Then go out and take their trucks which were usually full of German equipment, and bring them back to the farmhouse. The result was that we had all kinds of trucks, motor cycles, and ammunition around the camp which was bringing attention to the base we were trying to build up.

The next morning we got up to look for our radio, but couldn't locate it. They had forgotten to throw the radio out of the plane when we came. When the plane got back to its base, they found the radio, and came back in broad daylight with it and threw it out to us in spite of the fact that the German garrison was only about two miles away.

We had armed some FFI men around the house so we did have some local security. I don't want to go into too much detail, but the answer to our call to arms by the French patriots was stupendous. It was far greater than anyone had dreamed.

Between the 7th and 18th of June, we had actually armed and trained 8,000 men, and that is a lot of men around one farmhouse. What we were doing was arming a battalion of about 800 men and sending them back to where they came from. There were butchers, bakers, farmers, etc., and they were sent back to their farms, shops, and so on, and given instructions to hide their arms, and to take no offensive action against the Germans until they received further orders.

From the first day we were there until the 18th of June, we were in contact with the enemy. We would send out small battalions, but there was no big attack. The reason was that the Germans didn't realize how large our force was. They thought a few of the patriots armed up, but didn't have any weapons. Some of the patriots armed up and went out and did some damage, but it wasn't too dangerous.

It was just after D-Day and the Germans were so jumpy that they wouldn't dare come back and attack us. They couldn't afford to, although there were 15 German divisions in Brittany at this time. Many, many things happened in these last few days. We received agents from France and London who were working with us.

SCENE 5,

In the meantime, we contacted all resistance leaders. The leader and group of men were too far from the base for us to arm them. We sent a message to London and asked them to send a jet team to us. In that way we could arm all of Brittany although it was far from our base. Everything went pretty well until the morning of the 18th. It was Sunday morning, and we had received about 40 planes in which there were five jeeps armed with twin machine guns. About six o'clock that morning, two cars containing four pondermen, something like cut ups, came down the road towards the farmhouse. Every once in awhile, they would stop, get out, look around, and get back in. They came to our first outpost and stopped. We had some SAS men in the last armed with pistols. One of the Germans made a move to grab a hand grenade and one of the SAS men was going to take a shot at him. He then realized his pistol wasn't loaded and while trying to load it the German threw a grenade at him. It landed a little way from him, but didn't kill him. In the meantime some FFI stopped out and shot three or four of the Germans. A little ways from there, we had another outpost and when they saw the cars, they opened fire on them. The firing was going wild. We killed a few of them, wounded four, and one managed to get away. Some of the FFI and SAS men were wounded.

About ten in the morning about 150 men came back to San Marcelle. They took about 40 Frenchmen and marched back to the farmhouse with the Frenchmen in front of them. We couldn't shoot at them for fear of hitting the Frenchmen. We backed up and let them come in, and took our defensive positions around the town, and quite a little battle took place. They never expected what they met. Tracer bullets were shot into the wheat fields and woods and a forest fire started. The result was that there was quite a lot of smoke around. Our vision was limited, and we were fighting with a distance of only 15 or 20 yards between them and us--you either got him or he you. This went on about an hour. They then seemed to pull out, doing a little defensive fighting, but that was all.

What had happened in the meantime--when they saw our jeeps, they thought we were an airborne division. We later found out that they notified Rommel who sent in parachute troops. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the parachute troops came. I never saw such bold, aggressive fighters, and they fought like hell. They didn't take advantage of cover, but were so aggressive that they soon overran some of our positions, but with a great cost of their lives. If ten were shot coming down one lane, twenty would run in to take their places, when they went down, forty would run in and so on. If we took a shot at one of them, about ten would stand up and look for him, and then we'd shoot them. They kept coming from everywhere.

Things were not going too well. They had encircled our position which was a radius of approximately ten miles containing about 4,000 men. We were fighting inside the circle instead of outside. By four o'clock in the afternoon, they had us completely surrounded and were pushing us back. This wasn't just an incident, it was the real thing. Some of our agents outside, artillery, and large columns of trucks were moving in. R2
R3

*****CUT*****

SCENE 4

We went back to SAS headquarters and sent a POW to London for 50 fighter bombers, and they did a pretty good job at bombing German transportation. But as far as bombing troops, there was plenty of difficulty because they bombed hell out of us. But it helped the morale of the patriots because they knew that London hadn't forgotten us. Everybody who was inside the circle after we were once surrounded, knew that he probably wouldn't get out alive. We were fighting for death, and if the parachutists did move in, they moved in only over our dead bodies.

By eight o'clock that night, they had driven in about 600 yards to the farmhouse. They were on a hill dominating the farmhouse. It's pretty hard to describe the scene at the farmhouse at this time because many had been killed and many were wounded. We had a small first-aid station and it was just impossible to take care of all the wounded. We managed only about one-tenth of them. They were laying all over the backyard--some screaming with pain, dying, bleeding, and some saying nothing. It was terrific! The confusion was absolutely terrible.

There was only one thing to do when they had us at that farmhouse--to launch a counter-attack. We had two jeeps left at the house. I remember a French officer, I can't think of his name off hand, but he was the best I have ever seen in my life, was hit through the shoulders and head, tied himself in a jeep so he wouldn't fall out. Another SAS man drove the jeep for him, and they started off on a counter-attack.

The Captain, who was my French partner, arrived and took command of four or five hundred men, and I took another group numbering about four or five hundred, and launched a counter-attack. We drove about 1,000 yards and about six or seven hundred men to the other side of the hill in about an hour. But we drove them a little too far. There were Germans on our right who came up behind us, and we had to fight our way back to the house.

When we got back to the house, it was pretty hard to control the men as there was so much confusion and so many hedges that we couldn't see exactly where our own men were. As soon as I got back, I tried to locate Captain Brad, but couldn't find him anywhere. About nine or ten o'clock, the Germans had taken a little barn or shed about 300 yards from our headquarters. It was there that the SAS radio equipment was. Some of the SAS wanted to go and meet the leader. The Captain went down with a group, and the SAS lieutenant and I were the only ones to come back alive. Most of them got killed when we walked back to the edge of a hedge overlooking a wheat field, trying to distinguish Germans from FFI on the other side of this hill.

We had been there about five minutes when a German machine gun a few yards in front of us opened up. The FFI got it in the first group. We went back for help and brought more men down. They were on the other side of the field, and we were on this side. There was no cover that they could advance. The SAS commanding French officer was in a pretty tight situation. He had not been wounded. He decided the only thing to do was to break through, and issued orders for small groups to break

through after dark. Every man for himself. Then they were to break up in groups of two or three's, and take no offensive action against the Germans until further orders.

We made plans for a rendezvous to be held the next day. Only five or six of the leaders knew where it was to be held, and bring along three or four of their immediate subordinates, so that everyone would not know where it was to be. Nobody else knew where it was to be held, and in that way, we wouldn't attract so much attention.

I finally located Captain Brad and the radio operator, and we were supposed to leave in a car. We went to the car, and I can't emphasize enough the situation at this point. It was terrible. Hundreds and hundreds were wounded and laying all over the barnyard asking to be carried out. Men were shot through the legs and guts and we just couldn't do anything for them, just left them there. Some pleaded with us and we just had to turn around and not answer them. Some never said a word. It was horrible.

I have to go back because I forgot something. We had armed 5,000 men and had received a store of arms for another 5,000 that had not been distributed. We also had about five tons of high explosives. That was the reason we were holding this farmhouse because it was foolish to fight this type of warfare with untrained men had we no objective in view. When we saw it was impossible to hold, we thought of blowing up the high explosives as soon as we left.

One of the things I remember that night was that the wounded men were laying around the grounds. We couldn't use a time fuse to blow the explosives up because the Germans may get to it before it blew up and get the arms. About five or six of the men argued as to who was going to blow the explosives up. The knew it meant certain death for whoever did it. They didn't do it with a sense of bravery, just sensibly argued. One asked the other--Don't be foolish, why should you blow it up? You are only minus both legs while I am shot through the chest and arms. Just carry me there and I'll blow the arms up myself." And so it went on.

When we got to the car, about 80 people were trying to get in. They even wanted to shoot it out. We looked out for our own hide, and rather than getting in any trouble, we let them go, and started out for ourselves. As we started out we met five British pilots who were lost. They wanted to go with us because they were lost and no one was paying any attention to them, so we started out. We told them they could join up with us and we would try to break through as one party. We broke through and some of them were killed. As soon as we got on the outside of the ring, we left them and went on by ourselves.

It was dark about this time. It was about 11 o'clock, but it didn't get dark until that time because it was the middle of summer. We had a lot of trouble with the British pilots because they had hobnail shoes on and made a lot of noise. They hadn't had any training, and it was terrible. We walked for about two hours and sat down at the side of a little field. We didn't know it at the time, but we sat

-7-

down next to a road. About five minutes afterwards, we saw some German paratroopers coming marching up the road, and we thought they knew we were there. We were about 50 yards from the road, and for about 15 minutes were very quiet until they had passed. It was a very ticklish situation.

It wasn't just this easy. Everyone attempted to break through in small groups. Some small groups tried to get away. When one PVI ran into another PVI group, they would start firing at each other, not knowing that they were PVI. Everybody fired at everything that moved, even killing horses, cattle, and everything else. We layed low rather than take offensive action against our own men. There were small groups wandering around. That was the best thing to do. At two o'clock in the morning there was a terrific explosion approximately ten miles away which nearly knocked us to the ground.

cde

BOMBS 8

The explosion turned night into day. I can't describe it, but it was terrific. The commotion started going off during the night and lasted to the next day. This explosion confused the Germans. They couldn't understand what this explosion was. It kept on until about five o'clock in the morning, and then we got a little rest. There was no cover, and we decided to lay low in a wheat field. We went in this field from different angles because we didn't want to make a path. We lay there in a semi-circle until about six in the morning. We woke up when some Russian Kossacks went by on horseback. It was a pretty good thing they woke us up because we were near a German radio station.

By ten in the morning everybody was at the rendezvous. One thing I have to say at this point--there was an organization, the BOM, which was sent in by London. This organization was to find landing grounds, and make reception committees. One man, Sangbury, had on paper all the landing grounds we were to use. He was captured by the Gestapo and whenever we used a reception committee, there were some Gestapo men waiting for us.

After holding counsel of war, we decided to break through. The SAS underground lay low and let the heat cool off. Everything was boiling. White Russians would go into a house, and if they found three men there only one was supposed to be, they would kill them. It was rotten. The day we were there, they rode through the town on horseback and killed men, women, and children. It was impossible to keep the patriots from firing back. The men wanted to fight. Everybody in a radius of forty or fifty miles were fighting.

I have something else to tell you now that I forgot. We were attacked on Sunday, and on Saturday we made plan to go to the next department. Our team, Captain Fred, and the radio operator were to go there and arm them. We had armed 5,000 men and 5,000 were ready to be armed.

We had two Gestapo agents working for us -- paying them a high price and promised them that when the Americans got to us we would see that they would get a fair deal. They turned over to us their car. They would sit in the front and we would sit in the back. Whenever the car was stopped, they would show their visas, and we then could go on.

We wanted to send a message to London and have London relay it back to Brittany as we didn't have means of reaching them. We hadn't slept or eaten for three days. In a Chateau a Count and Countess treated us on supper. While there we got word that the Germans knew where we were and were coming after us, and for us to leave immediately if it were possible. The old woman, about 45, told us she could get us out of there. She took us through the garden and through a hole in the wall. It was dark and raining very hard. She told us to swim across the river and wait there for her. She would come some time during the night and whistle, and take us to a safe hiding place. She had to lead us by the hand because it was so dark. We swam across the river, and though she was a nice old lady, but nuts. She then went back to the house and cleaned up any evidence that we may have left there, such as coffee cans, English cigarettes, and anything that may get them in trouble. About four in the morning we heard her whistle on the other side of the river. We answered her and she swam

across the river like nobody's business. She took us to an old mill where we slept about one and a half hours.

We were living on Demidov tablets which gave us false strength as long as we took one every six hours. If we relaxed and didn't take any for awhile, we just couldn't go on. We took some more and struck off to another farm house which was supposed to be a safe one. We got there after a few narrow escapes with the Russian Cossacks raining hell. They went into a house and took a five year old boy and nailed him to the door and bayoneted him through the belly, slowly killing him. We had a girl--a nice looking, dark haired girl, working with us. They could get through where a man couldn't. The bayoneted in from Paris, a distance of about three or four hundred kilometers. They tied a rope underneath her new pits and tied the other end of the rope to a saddle and dragged her around until she was dead. They were doing things like that.

We picked up quite a few parachutists and other wounded who had gotten through. We had no first-aid facilities for broken bones and such. With the help of a farmer, we made contact with a doctor who was willing to come out and take care of them. We nearly got caught, and decided to move out.

We moved from the farmhouse into a hole in the ground that was very dark and we couldn't see a thing. We were literally living in a hole for five days and five nights. That's a long time to sit in the dark and not say much. It was pretty rugged.

END R4

-10-

SCENE 7

GARY R5

The first 24 hours weren't too bad, but five days was too much. We started barking at one another and so on. We decided to come out of the hole and went to the farmhouse. We hadn't see daylight for five days. As we were walking, a man came running up to us from town, and told us the doctor had sent him and that the Gestapo knew where we were, and that they were going to attack us late that afternoon. It didn't take much time to get us out. The farmer took us to his brother-in-law's. We traveled north, detoured to the south, and then to the east. From there we left for another two hours, and then the dawn came. We could only march about four or five hours during the night as it was the middle of summer. We layed low there. We later learned that the Gestapo got up to the house and killed the wife, children, and doctor. They shot the Count from the Chateau but not the Countess. They had found some evidence that we had been around, and shot him for it. This went on.

We went on from one place to another, traveling only four or five hours at a time, getting nowhere fast. Every time we crossed railroad tracks at night, we would rip up rails or any means of communication we came across. After walking for three days, we decided to go into a town and get something to eat. Going at night was all right, but we weren't getting anywhere. We were running great risks. We started walking to the center of town. Many times we got to the outskirts of town, and would walk straight through without saying a word. The bolder we were, the more we got away with. If we had made a run for it the Germans would have gotten suspicious, but if we went on as if we didn't give a damn, everything was okay. We wore civilian clothes and made out as if we were working men.

We made contact with our Laxon agent, and sent him on ahead to bring back a truck. This was just a little while after D-Day, and all the roads were being watched. He brought back a truck and made out as if he were collecting milk for the Germans. In the truck were five pigs. We got in the back of the truck and had the pigs sticking out a little. We were stopped about five times. The Germans just checked the papers and then saw the pigs, and let us go through.

We came into the Maki of sufrie. That was the group of men we had organized previously. Remember, I said we had gone through, and with Gestapo agents working for us, we had given orders to the leaders to organize only 50 men and hold them at this farmhouse for a reception committee only. We didn't want to repeat the same thing--a great collection of men and no arms or men at only one point. We came in about three o'clock in the afternoon and found about 300 men there with arms for about 20 men. Everyone was coming and going at will. The situation was literally all screwed up. We reorganized defenses with arms for 20 men and decided the next morning the very first thing we would do was to split these men up in groups of five, ten, or fifteen. Then under our control, they could be centralized at one point.

-11-

We had supper that night with the leaders of the camp. The man who sat across from me claimed to be one of the men, but later learned that he was a Gestapo agent. He left camp that night, and we still didn't know he had left camp. As a result, the next thing we knew it was about six in the morning and we had been sleeping in the field. We were completely surrounded and every road was cut off. The moved in from every direction. We couldn't do anything and it was very uncomfortable. It took place in a fraction of a second. Lights were in every direction.

The radio operator was receiving a message from London, so the first thing in our mind was that they had picked up the radio. The lights went off and hell started breaking loose. There were 500 men in and around this farmhouse. Everyone was running in opposite directions getting nowhere fast. We made a desperate attempt to organize.

At this farmhouse there was an eight-year old daughter, and the farmer's wife was with us. I forgot to say that we found three Americans and two British here who were shot down over France. The underground picked them up.

There were about forty in our group. Three German trucks pulled up. We ran down the edge for about 100 yards. We found a gun and fired three clips of ammunition at the Germans. We threw the gun away because we didn't have any more shells. We had to hide the best we could. We ran point Hank into a machine gun, and three or four of us ran into another one. About 15 men were lost from our group. We couldn't keep the women with us and had quite some time hiding her. We put her in the bushes, but as she had a white dress on it was hard camouflaging her. As we walked away, we could see her white dress. I don't know what happened to her. I guess she must have been killed.

*****CUT*****

END R5

-18-

SCENE 6

From there we held a little council of war and swapped addresses. The pilots and myself said that if anyone got through, he should tell the story. We decided that they should go out by themselves and not stick with us. The Germans knew who we were, and had pictures and information on us. If they were caught by themselves, and told the true story, they would probably be held as prisoners of war. Two Americans and one Britisher were willing to leave us and started off immediately. They started off and had gone about 50 yards when they ran into a machine gun and three were killed. One into another machine gun. We changed directions and my glasses got caught on a twig, so I went back to get them. Everyone was out of breath. I wasn't carrying too much, and the guys shot over my head all the time. I threw a grenade at him, and he stopped firing. I got my glasses and ran to catch up with the rest of the guys. I found the French Captain was waiting for me. He said that we were getting nowhere fast. We layed low for awhile, and I told the two remaining pilots to leave us immediately. They didn't say anything, and I pulled out a gun and said I would shoot them if they didn't leave. The American pilot fell on the ground and begged to stay with us. I couldn't do anything with him. We crawled into bushes four or five feet high and layed low. All this had happened in about a half hour. It was now about 6:30 or 7:00, and about 300 men were hiding in these little woods. The Germans would climb up trees, spot somebody hiding in the bushes, point over there, and three or four of the Germans would throw grenades. Three or four of the Frenchmen would jump out and shoot them. About eight in the morning, they found a little girl in a cellar and bayoneted her. She screamed for about five or ten minutes before she died. It was terrible. That was something we would never forget.

The shooting went on all that day. It was the worst day of our lives, there's no doubt about that at all. It would have been different if we were fighting, but we had to hide like cornered rats. We thought it would be better to get killed and get it over with or get out. I remember taking out my pocket book, looking at pictures, and thinking my whole life through from the time I was born.

About four in the afternoon, everybody got to laughing hysterically or crying. We couldn't stop laughing, and the Germans were only about 50 paces away from us in the woods. It was dangerous, but we just couldn't help it. I can't remember everything that happened that day. We just stayed there all the time. It was terrible. It was the French Captain who kept us together, I think. Most of us wanted to get out and get it over with. He said no, and that if they did discover us, we would fight it out, and that staying there we stood a better chance.

About eleven o'clock that night we contacted a pilot who was just a few paces away from us. The situation was terrible. We couldn't move. If we woke up in one position in the morning, we had to stay that way until 11 at night. We didn't dare move because the Germans were so close to us. At the beginning of the morning, they even dare come on our trail. The dogs couldn't follow us because everybody

-18-

had been running. It was a terrible sensation having them on our trail howling. Anyway, about eleven that night I went over to the American pilot and told him that if he should get through alive--and I gave him a few franks--to write to my wife, and I gave him the address. I told him I'd go out in one direction, and if he didn't hear any firing, to follow me, and then we took off.

Everything went pretty well. Miraculo after miraculo happened. We passed the sentry about 20 paces away. I can remember when we were in training school, we thought it was a crazy scheme. But now everyone pitched like hell and thanked God that we had that training because it was that that saved our lives. We were going by a farmhouse and some dogs started barking and shots coming at us. Everybody started firing, not knowing what they were firing at -- just firing -- because everybody was on edge. We ran across one field and got down by the road. We waited until the guard was at one end, and one by one we ran across the road. In that way none of us got killed. Once on the other side of the road, we thought we were in the clear--out of the encirclement. We started feeling pretty good after that. We had gone a little ways when we heard a German patrol cutting us off. We couldn't see how they possibly knew we were there, but still we figured they must have seen us because here they come. We decided not to run another inch, but to fight it out here. We couldn't see them, but we could hear them. We lay flat behind the hedge and they came up on the other side. They stopped and in French told us to come out in a single file. We had to be very careful and not take any chances. There was a hell-of-a lot of confusion. We said that we were French, but that we didn't know who they were, but for them to send a man down to the gate at the other side of the hedge and we could see who they were. Then--an absolute miracle! It was our agent with the other half of our radio. Here it was about three miles from the farmhouse, and there we met another one of our agents, and he could have gone in any other direction. We talked once again with a leader; with him was another leader. We sent him away and six of us stayed together. We told Ya we would contact him later, and in the meantime to lay low. And we took off by ourselves. We walked about five miles that night, crawled into some bushes and went to sleep. We stayed there for two days. We tried to contact Col. Kingly, given to us by London as Chief of Resistance. He didn't want to see us because he was afraid. He was no good--afraid to do anything. He hadn't done anything for the resistance.

R6 We were still quite a ways from organizing because everything we had started had been shot through the air. We went to a little town, Varad, on the river, and figured we could make contact with some resistance group there. We sent an agent on ahead to find us a safe place to stay. We walked four nights to get there. The Count of a Chateau took us into a library where he had three beds waiting for us. It was the first time we had slept in a bed for a month.

*****CUT*****

It felt pretty good. We talked about it, but the Count told us it would be a good thing if we were quiet. He said he had some officers sleeping in the Chateau. It gave us quite an uncomfortable feeling to begin with, but we got used to it. The Americans had accidentally bombed an orphanage, and the children who were not casualties were evacuated, and they, too, were in the Chateau.

Up until now, we had been living in military clothes, but at this point the Count got us some civilian clothes, and we started going around in civilian clothes. He finally contacted the underground leader in Arnhem, and this was what we decided to do. We were going to act as military chiefs of that department, one spent a department on the north, and the other agent of the M department. This gave us control of three departments. They gave us that department because it was a very tough department and no one had been in to organize it. The others had been organized. It was a very, very difficult job to organize this department, and all the credit goes to the French officer who was with me. He did a splendid job.

All the underground was run more or less by the Gestapo. They were the chiefs of the underground. The French were coming in from everywhere, no questions asked, to escape forced labor. A Gestapo agent could come in with them, say he hated the Germans, and could easily work himself up at getting a group to work for him. Then he would be an underground man against German resistance. Another thing that we ran up against was that several different groups and underground organizations were active there. While they were not busy fighting the Germans, they were busy fighting themselves. If Joe here had 100 men and Jack had 150 men they would fight each other to get control of the other one's men. One may be a Communist while the other a FFI. Everyone was fighting everyone else. It was quite a job to take them and weld them into one group. The men themselves were good, but it was the leaders that were causing the trouble. It was necessary to take care of the leaders, and a few came up missing. To make a long story short, everything was welded into one, and Capt. Brad, by some miracle, did it without getting caught.

We had meetings of 12 leaders one day, and the next day there were only about three left. We found out that a German agent had been at the meeting and had some of the men picked up. We never stayed in one place any length of time. One day we moved into a hotel, we were there the next day, then farmers in dirty overalls and wooden shoes, then in a doctor's house, and so on. We were three together all the time, and never let anyone know where we were staying. We made contacts through the liaison agent who didn't even know where we were. We didn't want him to know and he didn't want to know in the event he did get caught he wouldn't know where we were.

To make a long story short, we had about 5,000 men organized at this time, but we hadn't made contact with London. In this organization it took about three weeks, and since we hadn't come on the air in three weeks, some joker in London thought that we were controlled by the Gestapo, and that they were forcing us to send messages just the

-18-

same. I don't know why he thought so because in the event we were caught, we had a certain number which we would send by code to let them know. But he kept insisting that we were controlled by the Gestapo, and in that way London didn't work with us. We sent four messages a day, some at night, begging and pleading with them to send us any kind of equipment because at that time Patton's Third Army was coming down into Brittany, and the Germans were surrendering, but we had no arms to stop them. We had a reception committee out night and day for two weeks, and lost faith after that. It was all right the first few days, but then we started losing men on these grounds. A group of French first talked too much. The first thing everybody knows about is and then the Gestapo knows about it. London didn't play ball with us, and we lost all hope.

We did have one thing that London was interested in, though. We had a man who was working with us. He was a French engineer who was working in a German G-8 office. He was reproducing all the plans for us. For every plan he made, he would make a duplicate copy so that we had a copy of all the coastal defenses, copy of the U-boat plans, etc. We had notified London we had these, and London was going to try to send a L in after them. We said that if we had to throw the pilot out, we would go back in that plane to London and straighten this out. But they couldn't send the plane, we couldn't get the plane, and nothing worked out. It came to a point where we had to take the situation in our own hands and not wait for London.

Orders were given to all men to strike the enemy by any possible means they could. We had saws, axes, and chopped trees across the road blew up bridges--lighting the fuses with cigarette lighters, and did everything we could to hinder them. We armed a few men who would actually go out and take arms away from the Germans. About ten Frenchmen would go out to some bar, knock a couple of Germans over the head with a bottle, and take their guns away from them. With these two guns they would go out and shoot four Germans, take their ammunition, go out and get six, then get ten, and so on. It was very inadequate.

About this time, Patton was traveling down into Brittany Peninsula. We tried to get these important plans through to him. On Saturday they came up to us while we were eating dinner and said that the Americans had made a terrific advance about 100 kilometers away, and we decided to get the plans through to them if we possibly could. Col. Felix and myself in civilian clothes on bicycle would go down the road along the river, and contact any Americans who may be coming up the river. The French officer came down the back road. We came into the little town of Vandar. There were about 15 Germans in the town waiting for the Americans. They knew that they were coming down that way. We didn't bother with them, because the odds were too great and we couldn't take the risk. We got down the road about three miles.

R7

R8

-16-

SCENE 10

While there we contacted Jan Dean and told him to contact any American and give them written instructions to bring back any Americans they saw.

He told us that a van was to come along with a Major sitting up in front with a Frenchman driving it. The back of it was to be full of German soldiers. The driver would stop if we held him up. Col. Feltin was at the side of the road with a hand grenade. We stopped the van and the Major got out. We stuck a gun at the back of his head and told him to give an order to the German soldiers to come out with their hands behind their heads. He was very much surprised that we knew of them. They got out, and we turned them over to the Frenchman who did a job on them. He continued down the road and a few minutes later contacted the first Americans. They were very skeptical about us and thought they were running into a trap. I had quite a time convincing them that we were okay. It took about an hour to convince them. I got back to Army where I was supposed to meet the Captain with the plans. One of the liaison agents came up to me crying--the first time I had ever seen him cry--and kissed me on both cheeks. This was the story he told: the Captain had come down the back road as previously planned. He put on his uniform for the first time in three months because he thought that Americans were in the area. He thought that it was American tanks coming down the road, and he stepped out and waved them down. They came out and he put his hands up in the air. He nonchalantly gave the Germans hell for taking the weapons away. He told them that they were crazy and that he was working with them and had been for four years. By some miracle--I don't know how it happened, there's no explanation for it--they left him with his hands up, went back to the tank, got in, and drove off. About three minutes afterwards, they contacted some American tanks and quite a battle took place. Capt. Wrad was killed in the battle, but the plans were in our possession.

To make a long story short, as soon as we took the plans to Col. Reed, who was commanding the second calvary, it took us about 24 hours to get back to SCere and turn the plans over to some general. I forgot his name. Photostatic copies were then made and they sent me up to Patton where he had Col. Powell, attached to the 23rd Army, take me in hand. I stayed there for a couple of days, but was very much in a hurry to get back to my area as I thought that this time the Captain had been killed and I was very much concerned about that. The second day, Patton, through Col. Powell, asked me how many men we had there unarmed. I told him 5,000. He asked me if we could do a job for him and hold his right flank if he swung towards Paris. We told him yes, and he immediately armed 2,500 of our men and went back to our base. The radio operator was all right.

Necessary arrangements were made to receive the arms for 2,500 men. We held this flank until the 26th of August when we received a messenger from London. It was sent to us by General Patton. We were to return to London for a second mission. I left Col. Feltin and went back to London. The second mission took me back into it was a little too late.

-17-

We went in with two other agents and our mission was to organize all FFI in the departments who were organized from those who were not into mobile groups, and attack the enemy wherever we could. We hacked away at a division in the middle of France until they gave up. Then it gave up to the 83rd Division, we were hacking away at the latter part.

I'll go over the second mission very briefly as it is similar to the first one.

We had to change directions as there were no Germans in the immediate vicinity. We received instructions from London to turn around and come back towards the west coast. We organized and moved approximately 6,000 FFI from the center of France up South. We then combined our forces and had approximately 20,000 FFI on hand there. There were about 27,000 Germans in San . We held it from late September until the latter part of November.

Many incidents happened in the meantime. I won't go into detail about them except for one that I think was quite interesting. We contacted Simpson's 9th Army which was working very closely with the 94th Division. We had gotten a jeep and had three machine guns mounted on it. We would go through the towns, shoot some Germans and get out fast, and always got by with it.

When moving from the center of France up to San , we were more or less advanced scouts if you want to call it that. We moved up into a little town called Prittanick and inquired if there were any Germans there. We found out that there were only a few Germans there, so we decided to go down into the town, shoot the Germans, and then get out. The road stretched about 800 yards. On entering the road we saw a block of about 100 yards down. We were caught cold by 30 or 40 Germans armed with machine guns and rifles who cut us off. We were about 50 yards away from them and we got out of the jeep. For about five minutes we just stood there looking at each other. It was quite a situation--just standing there looking at each other, no one shooting. I finally came to my senses, I guess, and took out a piece of a white parachute and waved it. I met the Germans half-way, and told them that we wanted them to surrender the town to us. He told me they couldn't do that without the permission of the Sergeant. They went for the Sergeant, and I could see that he was a bully. He came up to me and tore my green glasses off my face. He couldn't speak English and the French Major acted as an interpreter. I told him that we wanted the town surrendered to us, but he said no, and that if we wanted to fight, let's fight. When he found out I was an American officer, he immediately gave me back my glasses. There were about 150 of them and only three of us, so naturally they would have the drop on us. They called up the Commanding officer, and as he was quite away away, he couldn't get down for about an hour. They asked us if we would wait and we said OK. In the meantime, about 80 Germans came in two or three at a time. Luckily, we had a carton of cigarettes with us and gave each of them one. We shook hands, patted each other on the back, and talked about the war situation. We tried to talk them into surrendering.

END R8

-18-

SCENE 11

STREET 29

About 80% of them were willing to give up, but we didn't have any transportation, so we talked them out of it. There were Russians, Poles, and thorough Germans. We gave them the argument that they were small men in this war and we could easily kill one another, but the men who were actually causing this war would live afterwards, and they agreed with us. They impressed me with the fact that they liked the Americans, but didn't like the English intensely. And that if we had been English, they would have shot us long before this, and so on, and so on, and so on.

In about an hour and a half everybody stood at attention. Coming down the road was a Lt. Colonel and a lieutenant. The lieutenant spoke fluent English. He was a wiry, insignificant, andfragile looking man. In perfect English he said--my chief wants to know what you are doing here, and so on. I told him to tell his chief that the General had sent me and that he didn't want to kill them uselessly. He repeated this to the Colonel who told him to tell me to shut up and that he didn't want to hear such talk. He said for us to go back and come down and get them because they had waited for this a long time. I said I'd go back and tell the General that. I wasn't from the General and that was all a bluff. We shook hands and traded cigarettes, saluted, and I walked back to the truck...with rather shaky legs. They didn't even take a shot at us.

When I got to the truck, a man came running up to me and said--Look, Mr. Powell--that was the name I was going by--and asked us to drive around the bend so that he could talk with us. He said that Schroeder was willing to talk turkey, but couldn't in front of the Lt. Colonel. We made arrangements to meet him that night at the sea shore. He didn't show up that night, but did the next in civilian clothes. He had a French girl with him who acted as his safe girl--she would go out and see if I was alone before he came out. We had supper and he gave us all the plans--all complete plans--for every sector, even down to the machine gun. They checked perfectly with the information we had received from our agents, so we knew he wasn't giving us false dope. This went on for two or three nights, and he played right along with us. One of the Frenchmen started getting suspicious, and thought he may be playing super spy--springing for both sides. I couldn't quite see it, but was told that the next night I was to bring him back a prisoner or kill him. I met him as usual and took him back with me. I told him that he would have to be my prisoner, and that if he tried to get away, I would have to kill him. From about nine that night until four in the morning, he argued that we should give him a chance to prove himself, and I finally persuaded the Frenchmen that we should. For this Schroeder was very happy. We told him: Here's what we're going to do to prove yourself. You are to have ten Germans march down the road and we would ambush them on the road. At three o'clock the next day--it was just like murder--ten men marched out in columns of two. We killed four, five were wounded, and one got away.

In the meantime, the commanding officer forced Schroeder to send out 80 men to look for the ten who had disappeared in thin air. We didn't have time to lay in ambush and the result was that we didn't get all of them. We got about 20 of them, and they got about 5 of us.

He played right along with us the whole time. On Saturday we received a letter from him stating that six o'clock the next morning the Germans

were planning an attack on the depth of 10 miles, but on a footage of 20 miles and across the following points. He himself wasn't going to lead the attack and wanted us to set an ambush. He set ambushes along certain places on the road. At six the next morning the Germans came out--just as he said they would on the very road--in a very strong force. We killed a lot of them and they got a lot of us.

Schroeder playing along with us because he wanted a clear passport back to South America, which I promised him if he played ball with us. His father was German, but his mother came from Chile. He had belonged to the Merchant Marines, and when the war broke out had been forced into the German Navy and given a commission in Germany. His boat had been sunk and the Navy men had taken as ground troops. And that's the story on him.

I left the area about two weeks ago, and we then had a telephone line running from his side to our side. When he intended to do something, he called us up and told us about it. It sounds fantastic; nevertheless, it's true. As far as I know he is still there.

We had captured some prisoners, and one of the Frenchmen must have talked too much, probably bragging that he was working with us. The General became suspicious of him and had him watched. When some of the PWs were taken prisoner, one of them told the General that it was the Lieutenant Colonel who was playing ball with us, so the General started watching him. In that way the pressure was taken off Schroeder and he could work with us again.

General De Gaulle's Second Commanding Officer took charge of all the western coast and through Chate, at his request, we were able to secure arms for the Frenchmen. As far as I know, they are holding our planned attack.

I returned to Paris, and then to London where I made a report, and well, that's all!!!!

14 March 1945

My dear Air Chief Marshall:

Thank you very much for your note concerning the Coastal Command film done by our Field Photographic Branch. I am glad that it pleased you.

Sincerely,

William J. Donovan
Director

Air Chief Marshall Sir Sholto Douglas
Headquarters, Coastal Command
Royal Air Force
Northwood
Middlesex

083 JAN 1951

Date 18 Jan.

To COLONEL BUXTON

O. C. Buxton

✓

Office of the Executive Officer

(30440)

17 Jan. 1945

Colonel Richards
Lt. Colonel Doering

Colonel Buxton requested that a letter be prepared for his signature to Lord Halifax, advising Lord Halifax that the Coastal Command picture is ready for delivery and that Colonel Buxton will be happy to deliver the prints whenever and wherever convenient. Colonel Buxton further believes it would be desirable if someone saw Lord Halifax and perhaps discussed with him the thought that our own Chiefs of Staff, etc. might be interested in it. Obviously, however, we do not want to inject ourselves into any showings that Lord Halifax might want to arrange himself.

O. C. D., Jr.

cc: Col. Buxton
Lt. Kellogg

18 Jan.

G.R.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Headquarters, Coastal Command,

Royal Air Force,

Northwood,

Middlesex.

C.-in-C. 373

2nd March, 1944.

My dear General Donovan

You will remember your very kind offer to my predecessor, Air Marshal Slessor, in August 1943 to produce under the direction of this Command, a film outlining the activities of the R.A.F. Coastal Command. As you know, the U.S. Naval Film Unit of the Field Photographic Branch has been employed in the production of this film, which has now been completed.

I saw the completed film the other night, and consider that the Film Unit has provided a very accurate and interesting summary of this Command's activities, which besides its current interest will be of great value also as an historical document after the war.

I thought you would be glad to know that your kind offer to make this film has borne fruit.

Lieutenant Commander Spencer, the producer of the film, is returning to Washington in the near future. I hope that you will allow him to show the film to yourself and to any other leading American personalities who would be interested to see it.

Yours sincerely -

Sholto Douglas

Major-General W. J. Donovan,
25th and "E" Street,
North West,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

H. 116
Full Photo
1 Photo to Action
23 February 1945

Captain G. Markay, Director
Navy Photographic Services
Office of the Secretary of the Navy
Washington, D. C.

Dear Captain Markay:

Thank you for the commendation
of Lieutenant Kollogg. I know he will be
pleased.

Sincerely,

Charles S. Cheston
Acting Director

Buff. 11/16
** Brought to Action*
11/16/41
11/16/41

Comdr. H. S. Gessner, Jr., U.S.N.
Director of Photography
Bureau of Aeronautics
Navy Department
Washington, D. C.

Dear Commander:

May I express the appreciation of the Office of Strategic Services for the cooperation extended to the Field Photographic Branch of this office on the production of the film, "Brought to Action."

Further, the manner in which the Photographic Science Laboratories of the Bureau of Aeronautics met the emergency created by the breakdown of our equipment in the Recording Section was highly commendable.

The Office of Strategic Services is indebted to you.

Sincerely yours,

G. Edward Burton
Acting Director

Colonel Richards

Mr. Sulloway

26 January 1945

Request of UNRRA for Photographic Coverage

This is to confirm my telephone conversation with you in which I advised you that Mr. Cheston has approved the recommendation contained in paragraph #1 of your memorandum to the Assistant Executive Officer, dated 25 January 1945, in re UNRRA.

However, it was felt by Mr. Cheston that UNRRA should be told that changed conditions and prior commitments are the basis for our decision, rather than, as suggested in paragraph #1 of your memorandum, that we are not in a position to render photographic aid to a United Nations undertaking.

A. W. Sulloway

053 Form 4191

Date _____

To: _____

Mr. Chester

*I agree with Barnes
pencilled comment.*

EGP

Approved

CSC

Office of the Executive Officer

(30449)

STANDARD FORM NO. 64

SECRET**Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT**TO : Lt. E. J. Putzell, Jr.
Assistant Executive Officer

DATE: 28 January 1945

FROM : Colonel Atherton Richards

SUBJECT: Appended Memorandum from Field Photographic Branch in re
UNRRA, dated 17 January, 1945.

1. It is recommended that the representative of UNRRA be advised that the demands now being made upon the Field Photographic Branch do not permit of the character of photographic coverage which UNRRA at present wishes Field Photographic Branch to provide. This can be done on the basis that the original offer of OSS was made to another organization of the U. S. Government, to wit: Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, but that we are not in a position to render photographic aid to a United Nations undertaking.
2. General Magruder and Mr. Whitney Shepardson have expressed their opinion that it was inadvisable for OSS to utilize UNRRA as a cover for any intelligence work.
3. Kindly advise the writer of the Director's decision upon the memorandum and above recommendation.

Atherton Richards
Atherton Richards
Colonel, AUS

Attachment

Reiterate to them we are on the basis of changed conditions and your current needs — after all, we are not disqualified from serving the "United Nations".

CAB

SECRET

833 Form 4131

Date 1/19

To: Colonel Richards

Request your comments and
recommendations on the attached.

E. J. Putzell Jr.

Office of the Executive Officer

(30449)

SECRET**OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES**

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEMORANDUM

TO: Director, OSS, Administration Building 17 January 1945

FROM: E. R. Kellogg, Acting Chief, Field Photographic Branch

SUBJECT: UNRRA

1. On 17 January 1945 Mr. William Wells of UNRRA held an informal conference with Lt. John W. English of this Branch on the subject of any photographic aid which OSS might give to UNRRA.
2. Enclosure 1 is from the files of Field Photographic Branch and discloses that negotiations along these lines have been previously conducted with the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations of the State Department.
3. Mr. Wells stated that UNRRA wished photographic coverage, motion picture or still (primarily motion picture) on areas into which they must send relief. He specifically stated that they would be interested in coverage of Greece, Albania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. He said it would be up to his organization to obtain the proper clearances to have photographers go into these areas to take pictures. He further stated that the handling and processing of the film could be done by Field Photographic Branch and all reports are to be made by this Branch. He stated that the United States is putting over a billion dollars in UNRRA and these reports would be of great assistance as information as to how the money should be spent, and sometimes as assistance as to how it is being spent.
4. Mr. Wells was informed that this matter would be taken up with the Office of the Director for a declaration of policy and that, if necessary, further conferences could be arranged with higher officials of the agency.
5. It is believed that this project might be an excellent cover, without the knowledge of UNRRA, for strategic photography and other intelligence work in areas where OSS might not otherwise gain entrance.

17 Jan. - Shepherdson said SI not interested
 24 - Reviewed with Krutzel
 Gen. Magruder

1 Encl. - Photostat copy of letter
 from Department of State

E. R. Kellogg
 E. R. KELLOGG
 Lieut., USNR
 Acting Chief
 Field Photographic Branch

SECRET



DEPARTMENT OF STATE

OFFICE OF FOREIGN RELIEF AND
REHABILITATION OPERATIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The facilities of the Field Photographic Branch of the Office of Strategic Services, under the direct supervision of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Washington, D. C., have been made available by the Director of Strategic Services, General William J. Donovan, to the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, to assist that organization in the preparation of a series of documentary motion and still picture reports on the various activities and methods of work in relief countries overseas.

It is, therefore, respectfully requested that the Field Photographic Branch of the Office of Strategic Services be permitted to photograph, both in motion and still pictures, material which may be included in the above-mentioned reports and that all possible aid be given its representatives assigned to this task to insure the successful completion of this mission.

Copies of this authorization have been transmitted to the Secretary of War and to the Secretary of the Navy.

Herbert H. Lehman
Herbert H. Lehman
Director

12-15 Form
(Rev. 12-11-1964)

ISS SECRETARIAT - ROUTE SLIP

DATE 12/1/65

FO	NAME	INITIALS
	G. C. Douglas, Jr.	
	L. J. Higgins	
	R. J. Poterli, Jr.	
	R. Thum	
1	W. S. Lee, C. A. Jones	CAS
	J. W. Archibald	
2	W. R. Kestack	WBR
	W. H. Miley	
	P. F. Pugliese	
	A. W. Solloway	
	J. E. Deserue	
	A. W. Amath, Jr.	
	A. L. Dart	
	H. H. Kallies	
	L. R. Houston	
	G. S. McClelland	
	J. L. McDonnell	
	J. R. Schomer, Jr.	
	Secretariat Files	
2	Director's Files	
	O. G. C. Files	

(23698)

STANDARD FORM NO. 64

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : Secretariat, Office of Strategic Services DATE 26 Jan. 1946
FROM : Chief, Production Section, Field Photographic Branch
SUBJECT: Letter of Appreciation

Inclosed herewith is letter of appreciation received from
the Office of War Information.

Harry M. Templeton
Harry M. Templeton
Chief, Production Section

Enclosure

Field Photographic Branch

STANDARD FORM NO. 64

CONFIDENTIAL
Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : Mr. Charles S. Cheston, Acting Director,
Administration Building

FROM : John W. English, Executive Officer, Field Photographic Branch

SUBJECT: Activities of Field Photographic Branch (FWD)

DATE: 3 March 1945

Enclosure 1 is a copy of a Memorandum from Col. Edward W. Gamble, Jr.,
to Field Photographic Branch, OSS (FWD), which is forwarded for your
information.

[Handwritten initials: WJA, WSE]
Encl. 1-Memo dated 25 February 1945

[Handwritten signature]
JOHN W. ENGLISH
Lieut., USNR
Executive Officer
Field Photographic Branch

CONFIDENTIAL

COPY

CONFIDENTIAL
 HQ & HQ DETACHMENT
 Office of Strategic Services
 European Theater of Operations
 APO 887, U. S. Army
 (FORWARD)

28 February 1946

SUBJECT: Activities of Field Photographic Branch (FWD)

To : Field Photographic Branch, OSS (FWD)
 Attn: Lieut. M. E. Arminstead, USAR

1. I have studied your report dated 5 February 1946, describing the activities of your Branch, and I note with pleasure that everything is in first-class shape, both from an administrative and an operational standpoint. You are to be commended for the excellent work which you have done in the past and for the initiative which you have shown in carrying out your initial directive.
2. I have also studied Major David's impartial report of his investigation of your Branch, and wish you to know that I concur with all of the recommendations which he makes in paragraph 5 of his letter, dated 14 February 1946, a copy of which is in your files.
3. Accordingly, you will,
 - a. Continue to be attached to the Ninth Air Force for administration.
 - b. Attend all Branch Chief Staff meetings which are called by this office.
 - c. Submit a copy of your daily roster sheet to FIDES, Paris.
 - d. Make one appointment per week with the Chief, Field Detachment Section, for the purpose of passing on information relative to your Branch.
4. From time to time, my Executive, a member of the Field Detachment Section, or myself will make unannounced inspections of your Paris installation.
5. I regret that in the past there has been a certain amount of underhand criticism of the activities of your Branch which, although eventually proven unfounded, nevertheless hampered your work. In order to eliminate a recurrence of any such unpleasantness, I shall insist that if criticisms are to be made of the Field Photographic Branch, they must be submitted to me in writing with a copy to you. I will take no action on any of these complaints until I receive a statement from you in reply to the allegations.
6. I am sorry to learn that PhoM 1/c J. J. Stout, one of your best field photographers, has been killed in an aircraft accident. I understand you have taken the necessary steps to place the information of Stout's death in the proper official channels so that his next of kin will be notified.

cc: Col. Forgan (London)
 Field Photo (London)
 Field Photo (Wash) Lt. Kellogg
 FIDES

EDWARD W. GAMBLE, Jr.
 Colonel, GSC
 Deputy

CONFIDENTIAL

STANDARD FORM NO. 64

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : General William J. Donovan
Administration Building

DATE: 18 July 1945

FROM : Acting Chief, Field Photographic Branch

SUBJECT: Letter from Navy Department, Bureau of Aeronautics, dated 17 July 1945

The two motion pictures requested in attached letter were produced in the Field Photographic Branch. They have already been submitted to the Army, and the State Department has voiced great interest in them.

Encl. 1-Ltr. dated 17 July 1945
for your files.

R. Kellogg
EX R. KELLOGG
Lieut., USNR

The request is being fulfilled

118187
 BuAer (Photography)

Aer-PH-3021-MBK

NAVY DEPARTMENT
 BUREAU OF AERONAUTICS
 WASHINGTON 25, D. C.



118187

Office of Strategic Services
 Room 1614, South Agriculture Building
 Washington, D.C.

Attention: Lt. E. R. Kellogg, Acting Chief, Field Photographic Branch.

Gentlemen:

It is requested that this Bureau be supplied with a 35mm fine grain duplicate positive and a 35mm rerecorded sound track of the following pictures to be used to make prints for distribution to Naval activities:

Navy No. O.S.S. No.

MG-5648	P.O.-85-2	"Geography of Japan"
MG-6115b	P.O.-85-3	"Jap Background Study Program"
		Part 2 - Natural Resources of Japan"

Please forward this material, when available, to the Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, Photography Division, Attn: Photographic Science Laboratory Branch - Editorial Section - Film Library, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

It will be appreciated if the Office of Strategic Services will initiate Standard Form 1080a for a transfer of funds covering the cost of the above-mentioned materials.

Very truly yours,

Richard E. Lewis

Richard E. Lewis
 Lt. Col. Navy
 By Direction of Bureau

STANDARD FORM NO. 64

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

DATE: 11 November 1944

TO : Lt. J. W. Anshinloss
FROM : E. R. Kellogg
SUBJECT: Letters for Signature of Director

Enclosures 1 and 2 are drafts of replies for the Director's signature.

Please note that Paragraph 2 of Enclosure 2 is designed to clearly emphasize that it is necessary for this Branch to sacrifice OMS work to carry out the request of The Secretary of the Navy.

Encl. 1-Letter to Admiral Howard
2-Letter to Mr. Forrestal

E. R. Kellogg
E. R. KELLOGG
Lieut., USNR
Acting Chief
Field Photographic Branch

11 November 1944

Honorable James V. Forrestal
The Secretary of the Navy
Navy Department
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jim:

I am writing to answer your letter of 3 November 1944 asking the Field Photographic Branch of the Office of Strategic Services to prepare a short motion picture on the Philippine Naval Engagement.

I have instructed the Field Photographic Branch to postpone a part of their heavy OAS Program in order to fulfill your request.

It will be a pleasure to assist you in this matter.

Very truly yours,

William J. Donovan
Director

10,600
Full Photo
Heavy
Philippine
Navy

NO NEW MAIL

Date: 1 Nov. 1964

To: General Borman

A copy of the attached letter
has been sent to Mr. Kellogg who will
draft a reply for you to sign.

✓
W. W. Bushnell
J. W. Bushnell
1st Lt. JAG

*Notified Kellogg to
give him first attention
He is preparing draft
reply - 647P HT*

Office of the Secretariat

(939)

File

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

WASHINGTON
November 3, 1944

12 4 6
Field Photo
Director, Navy
e Dkt-3
6 11 11 11

MEMORANDUM

To: Director, Office of Strategic Services.

Subj: Motion Picture Facilities, use of, request for.

1. It is requested that the Field Photographic Branch of the Office of Strategic Services prepare a short motion picture on the Philippines Naval engagement, under the supervision and with the assistance of the Motion Picture Section, Office of the Secretary of the Navy.
2. This motion picture would be produced on a reimbursable basis.
3. Subject film would be designed for general release to the public in motion picture theatres throughout the country, through the War Activities Committee.
4. If it is agreed that this request be fulfilled by the Office of Strategic Services, effort to expedite production would be appreciated because of urgency in meeting the earliest release date.

Forrestal

JAMES FORRESTAL

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Washington, D.C.

November 3, 1944

MEMORANDUM

To: Director, Office of Strategic Services

Subj: Motion Picture Facilities, use of, request for,

1. It is requested that the Field Photographs Branch of the Office of Strategic Services prepare a short motion picture on the Philippines Naval engagement, under the supervision and with the assistance of the Motion Picture Section, Office of the Secretary of the Navy.
2. This motion picture would be produced on a reimbursable basis.
3. Subject film would be designed for general release to the public in motion picture theatres throughout the country, through the War Activities Committee.
4. If it is agreed that this request be fulfilled by the Office of Strategic Services, effort to expedite production would be appreciated because of urgency in meeting the earliest release date.

/s/ JAMES FORRESTAL

10/27/64
 7/1/64
 1/1/64
SECRET

EUROPE-AFRICA DIVISION
GEOGRAPHIC SUBDIVISION

Field Electorate

FRANCE

original report
 ✓ Stevens, Lawrence Nye (Maj. USNR)
 ✓ Hornblower, Henry II (T/S) -- candidate for commission 2nd Lt.
 Moughteling, James L. (T/4)
 ✓ Overton, George W. (Cpl) -- candidate for commission 2nd Lt.
 Watterson, Arthur Weldon (Cpl)
 Brierly, William B. (S/Sgt)
 Kyte, George W. (T/S)
 Levy, Rene M. (T/4)
 Dodge, Harvey H. (S/Sgt)

ITALY

✓ Givan, Walker F. (Sgt) -- candidate for commission 2nd Lt.
 Gentile, Walter A. (Pfc)

Alpert / 1/1/64 T/S

- FR. 8.

SECRET

OSR FORM 10014

Date 5 November 51To: General William J. Donovan

Attached is a proposed telegram to be sent to Mr. Hollingshead, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., with regard to his request for pictures of General MacArthur's return to the Philippines. The Secretariat called Colonel Gordon F. Swarthout regarding this matter and he suggested that the request be directed to Colonel Curtis M. Mennell.

Peter F. Purchase
 PETER F. PURCHASE
 1st Lieut., AUS

cable sent -

ESP 11/10

Office of the Secretariat

(9139)

CHB

OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES
WASHINGTON, D.C.

MEMORANDUM

SECRET - ADJUT

10/27/44 NOV 1 PM 1 15

TO: Director, OSS
ATTENTION: Lt. E. J. Fessall, Jr.
124 Administration Building

FROM: E. H. Kellogg, Acting Chief, Field Photographic Branch

SUBJECT: Telegraphic Request from Warner Bros. Pictures and Company
for Film

1 November 1944

I understand that a telegram was received on 26 October 1944 from Gordon Hollingshead, Warner Bros. Pictures and Company to Director, requesting shots from material obtained by Captain David Griffin covering General MacArthur's return to the Philippines.

I suggest the following reply:

CAPTAIN DAVID GRIFFIN NO LONGER WITH THIS ORGANIZATION.
SUGGEST YOU DIRECT REQUEST TO GENERAL MACARTHUR'S
THEATER HEADQUARTERS.

John W. English
JOHN W. ENGLISH
Lieut., USMR
By Direction

General

Shall we send the message?

R.T.

*IT would be unless
to send the message &
that Capt. Griffin was some
one representing him in U.S.*

CA

WU 8192 ML PD

WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF OCT 26 1944

WUX OCT 27 PM 5 50 P

OFFICE STRATEGIC SERVICES ATTN BRIG GEN

WM DONOVAN 25 AND E ST NW WASHDC

UNDERSTAND CAPTAIN DAVID GRIFFIN SHOOTING SPECIAL
COLOR MATERIAL COVERING GENERAL MACARTHURS RETURN PHILIPPINES

NEED FEW SHOTS GENERALS RETURN TO PHILIPPINES FOR
SPECIAL COLOR SHORT NOW EDITING CALLED "PLEDGE TO

BATAAN" PLEASE WIRE COLLECT IF POSSIBLE TO GET
ABOVE MATERIAL EITHER 16 MM KODACHROME OR MONOPAK

GORDON HOLLINGSHEAD ~~WARNER BROS~~ WARNER BROS

PICTURES INC.

550P

*add Kelly
1/28 55P*

1 Col. Curtis Mitchell
Chief, Pictorial Branch
Bureau of Public Relations

Col. Gordon F. Swarthout

RE: FIVE SIGNS

DATE: 16 October 1964

TO: General Rogers

Attached for your signature
is a letter to the President and a
transmission to the President.

Field Photographic Branch
asked us to prepare these letters
as they wished to include the
President's statement on Quisenberry's
death in a memorial file which
they are now making.

Amelia
A. V. Sullivan

Office of the Secretaries

(2100)

15,279
Field Phot Branch
1 Bureau, Manila
1 Bureau

16 October 1944

Miss Grace Tully
The White House
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Grace:

Our Field Photographic Branch is preparing a short memorial film on the death of the late President Manuel Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth. We would like very much to include in this film a picture of the statement which the President released on 1 August expressing his regret at Quezon's death.

I wonder if you would be good enough to have this statement, a copy of which is enclosed, prepared on White House stationery for the President's signature. I am also enclosing a separate memorandum to the President which I thought you would like to give him at the same time.

Sincerely,

William J. Donovan
Director

75,279

16 October 1944

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

I have asked Miss Tully if she would be good enough to prepare for your signature on White House stationery a statement which you released at the time of President Cusson's death. Our Field Photographic Branch is making a short memorial film on Cusson, and would like to include a picture of the statement with your signature. I should be very grateful if you would be willing to sign the statement for this purpose.

William J. Donovan
Director

188X

15279

IMMEDIATE RELEASE

NOVEMBER 1, 1944

STATEMENT BY TIOA PRESIDENT

The death of my old friend Manuel Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth is profoundly shocking, although I know, as did his many friends, that only a fierce determination had kept him alive these past several years.

President Quezon died without seeing the cause of Philippine independence fully realized. Death came at a time when the nation he loved, and for whose welfare he labored many years, is in the hands of the Japanese invader. He died, however, in full confidence that the eighteen million Filipinos of his homeland will be freed of foreign domination and that, with the pledged assistance of the United States, they will become a self-governed people.

We will always remember President Quezon with admiration and affection. He will be remembered by his people with the respect and veneration that we in the United States have for the name of George Washington.

- - - - -

344

100001

Office of Strategic Services

WASHINGTON, D.C.

INTEROFFICE MEMO

TO: General William F. Donovan,
Director, O.S.S.

FROM: Chief, Field Photographic Branch

SUBJECT: Motion Picture on Quezon Funeral

15 September 1944

*Taken care of +
wired to all
offices
J. Edgar*

045

Captain David G. Griffin, USMC, formerly attached to this Branch, was personally acquainted with the late Manuel L. Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth and is familiar with many Philippine dignitaries including Colonel Ramulo and President Osmena. As a result of this situation, as approved by you, Captain Griffin has been transferred from O.S.S. by order of the Commandant, Marine Corps, to the Philippine Government as a special aide to President Osmena. It is believed that in this capacity Captain Griffin can render valuable service to O.S.S. although officially he is no longer connected with us.

To further cement our relations with the Philippine Government, the idea was conceived of giving motion picture coverage of the funeral of the late President, Manuel Quezon, for use by the Philippine Government. Motion pictures have been taken of the premises at General Quezon's military funeral at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Washington and at Arlington Cemetery.

The photographic coverage of Quezon's funeral ceremonies has been seen by representatives of the Philippine Government and has received an enthusiastic reception. It is their plan to make from this footage a technicolor picture, with commentary by Quentin Reynolds, and music by Rodolfo Carnejo, prominent Philippine composer. This picture is to be shown by the Philippine Government as soon as entry is made into Philippine territory. It will be a historic document and should be immensely popular among the Filipinos.

This Branch is in a position to turn over the present unedited material to the Philippine Government and that Government will, in all probability, have the picture commercially edited and prepared for release. If that is done, O.S.S. will receive little official credit in the Southwest Pacific or the Philippines for their work. This office could also edit the film and have it made in technicolor, with screen credit to O.S.S. This project would cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000.00 and would, it is believed, give substantial prestige to the O.S.S. with the Philippine Government and among the Filipino people, and it should also be very pleasing to General Douglas MacArthur, the close personal friend of the late President, Manuel Quezon.

Gen. William J. Donovan-3

15 September 1944

Colonel Romble desires to present a report on the progress of the project to have this project completed by his agency. and desires information the project desires informal assurance that it can be completed.

This Branch desires to know what course should be followed in handling this project.

E. P. Killogg

C. P. KILLOGG
Lieut., USNR
by Direction

17, 11/14
Field Office
11/14/46
11/14/46
11/14/46

18 January 1948

TO: Chief, Training Aids Division
Attn: Major C. S. De Monbrun

SUBJECT: Scenario for Training Film Project 1931, "Rebecca-Eureka".

1. Reference is made to your memorandum of 20 December on above subject.

2. The scenario inclosed with your memorandum was referred to appropriate officers in this organization, who believe you might be interested in the following comments:

- (a) Greater emphasis should be given to the importance of placing the Eureka equipment in positions where radio signals will not be weakened by buildings, jungle growth, etc. Experience has shown that in cases where the Eureka was placed in a valley under fairly thick shrubbery, it was impossible for signals to get out.
- (b) More animation should be used to show operational relationship between Rebecca and Eureka.
- (c) In describing the plane run on Eureka, more emphasis could be placed on the proper verbal procedure between radio operator and pilot.
- (d) The ratio of transmission range to altitude might be shown by animation.
- (e) The scenario might also include the oscilloscope signal created when the Eureka operator pushes the button as the plane flies over the dropping point.
- (f) Attention might be given to the use of the

- 2 -

Baron as a transmitter.

- (g) A similar picture has already been made by the British, and it might be advisable to see the British film before starting production on this one.

3. It is hoped that these remarks will be of some use to you. We appreciate very much the opportunity to study your scenario.

Charles A. Lane
Lt., USNR
Chief, Secretariat